

as the victim of despair, and though Disraeli's illness was real enough, 'there certainly is a dark delight in being miserable,' as he says himself in the book, and we need not suppose that he took such a hopeless view of his future as in some passages he would have us believe.

I have lost the power of conveying what I feel, if indeed that power were ever mine. I write with an aching head and quivering hand; yet I must write if but to break the solitude.¹

The drooping pen falls from my powerless hand, and I feel — I keenly feel myself what indeed I am — far the most prostrate of a fallen race!²

Where are now my deeds and aspirations, and where the fame I dreamed of when a boy? I find the world just slipping through my fingers, and cannot grasp the jewel ere it falls. I quit an earth, where none will ever miss me, save those whose blood requires no laurels to make them love my memory. My life has been a blunder and a blank, and all ends by my adding one more slight ghost to the shadowy realm of fatal precocity!¹

What I am, I know not, nor do I care. I have that within me, which man can neither give nor take away, which can throw light on the darkest passages of life, and draw, from a discordant world, a melody divine. For it I would live, and for it alone. Oh! my soul, must we then part! Is this the end of all our conceptions, all our musings, our panting thoughts, our gay fancies, our bright imaginings, our delicious reveries, and exquisite communing? Is this the end, the great and full result, of all our sweet society? I care not for myself; I am a wretch beneath even pity. My thousand errors, my ten thousand follies, my infinite corruption, have well deserved a bitterer fate than this. But thou! — I feel I have betrayed thee. Hadst thou been the inmate of more spiritual clay, bound with a brain less headstrong, and with blood less hot, thou mightest have been glorious.¹

There is more sincerity, we may believe, in the following confession: —

I am one, though young, yet old enough to know, Ambition, is a demon; and I fly from what I fear. Think of unrecognised Caesar, with his wasting youth, weeping over